



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JULY
1966





RUGGED terrain in the area of the rest camp at Ranikhet, India. Photo by Andrew Janko.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 21, No. 7

July, 1966

EX-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. EX-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● In response to an inquiry from a subscriber, here are the facts about the CBI patch as explained in a wartime issue of CBI Roundup: "This eye-arresting bauble came from the fertile brain of Brig. Gen. Frank (Pinkie) Dorn back in June of 1942. At that time Pinkie was aide to Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, and is now in command of the American Liaison Group with the Chinese on the Salween. The red-white-and-blue motif is naturally Uncle Sugar. The gadget in the upper left hand corner of the shield is the Kuomintang Sun. (The Kuomintang is the ruling political party of China—hence the sun is the national emblem). The star is the star of India. A peacock for Burma might have been added plus the white elephant of Indo-China, but, like newspapers, Pinkie was short of space."

● Cover photo shows S/Sgt. Stanley Strout of Santa Rosa, Calif., a member of the 25th Fighter Squadron, 51st Fighter Group, getting a shave in bed at the U.S. Army rest camp at Shillong, Assam, India, in July 1943. U.S. Air Force photo.

● Once again the time has come for Ex-CBI Roundup's two-month "summer vacation." As most regular subscribers know, there will be no August or September issues—the next to appear will be dated October. Don't forget us, however—keep on sending material so we'll have plenty on hand to start another year when publication is resumed in the fall.

● We hope you are attending the 1966 China-Burma-India Veterans Association reunion in St. Louis. Those who attend, we know, will not be disappointed.

JULY, 1966



Bridge Identified

● In June '66 issue the photo of bridge under construction from John O. Aalberg collection is, I believe, a "Bailey bridge" over the Irrawaddy River on the Ledo Road outside Myitkyina, Burma. I believe I have driven over it.

H. G. WHITMORE,
Rochester, N.Y.

Burma Road Engineers

● Served with the Burma Road Engineers in China in 1944 and 1945, and one of these days shall be going through my papers and should be able to send you some pictures. I have always enjoyed Ex-CBI Roundup, have passed copies on to other CBIs, and show it to anyone who mentions the China-Burma-India Theater.

ABE J. SPERLING,
Minneapolis, Minn.



NOT the wild man of Borneo, but a native Indian in the Camp Ramgarh area in 1942. Photo by Andrew Janko.



BODIES of a woman and child rest on a litter, awaiting their turn at the burning ghat in Calcutta. Photo by William S. Johnson.

Walter J. Wunnenberg

● This is to inform you that my husband passed away very suddenly on May 26, of an acute coronary. He served in the CBI Theater with the 209th Engineer Battalion. He always enjoyed reading your magazine, as well as the pictures you published.

MRS. W. J. WUNNENBURG,
St. Louis Co., Mo.

Robert Schick

● In March of this year I subscribed to your magazine, Ex-CBI Roundup, for my husband, Robert Schick. The first copy arrived the day of his birthday, March 1st. He enjoyed each copy and had said there were articles of interest which brought back some incidents while in the CBI. He passed away July 8—if you would like to print the information of his death in your magazine you have my permission. He served with the 479th Engineers during World War II.

MRS. ROBERT SCHICK,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dies of Cobra Bite

● Wesley Howard Dickinson, 41, a veteran herpetologist, was bitten and killed July 10 by a large Indian king cobra at his home in

Santa Ana, Calif. He was bitten while trying to force feed the lethal eight-foot snake. Co-workers said Dickinson was bitten on the left hand, but did not know of the injury until he withdrew the hand. They said his left arm was paralyzed from the bite of a rattlesnake in 1949. The co-workers injected antitoxin after he lost consciousness within three minutes of being bitten. Dickinson had survived bites by other cobras, rattlesnakes, a water moc-

assin and a gila monster. While serving as an Army corporal in India in 1944, Dickinson was bitten by a cobra but saved himself with a suction-type treatment he had learned in school.

(From an item in the Kansas City, Mo., Star; clipping submitted by L. H. Ruppenthal, McPherson, Kan.)

Never Alone Again

● While at Fort McClellan July 1, to see my daughter graduate from WAC Training Center as the honor trainee of her class, I met N. Y. Vehner, a pilot in CBI during World War II, told him about Roundup and by now his subscription is on the way to you. I'm always pleased to lead some lost CBI vet back to the Roundup where he will never be alone again.

BOB WARD,
Schwenksville, Pa.

Grand Magazine

● Sure glad to hear you sound off in the May issue; sorry we had one in our group. Guess we are lucky at that. Keep up the good work; we are all proud of the grand magazine.

HAROLD RAWLES,
Fowler, Calif.



TIBETAN salesmen offering their wares near the rest camp at Ranikhet, India, in 1943. Photo by Andrew Janko.



VILLAGE in northern India, built on the side of a mountain. Photo by Andrew Janko.

Merrill's Marauders

● Your publication is most entertaining and interesting, recalling many of our old experiences in the CBI theater during World War II. Keep up the good work! I would appreciate it if you would publish in the next issue a notice to the effect that the 20th annual reunion of Merrill's Marauders, famous jungle fighters of World War II in the CBI, will be held at the Admiralty Motor Hotel, Norfolk, Va., Sept. 2 to 4, 1966. Any interested persons can contact me, and I will pass along full details to them. This invitation is, of course, open to all CBI veterans and their families. The more the merrier. If you ever get East, please be certain to look me up; always happy to hear from a fellow veteran of the CBI theater. I trust that one day the CBI reunion will be held in the East; if so, you can bet I'll make every effort to attend.

THOMAS J. MARTINI,
520 Long Beach Rd.,
Island Park, N.Y.

14th Air Force

● Annual reunion of the 14th Air Force will be Aug. 4, 5 and 6 at the El Tropicano Motor Hotel, San An-

tonio, Tex. A complete program is planned. Nominees for offices within the association for 1966-67 include Stan McGee, president; William Skolmick, first vice president; Jack Hild, second vice president; and Harold Frazier, secretary-treasurer. (From the Jing Bao Journal, official publication of the 14th Air Force Association.)

Red Cross Service

● Really enjoy receiving each issue. Spent three years with Red Cross; opened up club at Margherita; snack bar, tailor tent and

lending library at Ledo and 79 day rooms down through Burma and Assam. Would like to hear from old friends.

NATE KAUFMAN,
5208 Stanton Ave.,
Pittsburgh 1, Pa.

Gung Ho

● A clipping from the Minneapolis Tribune gives this explanation of the meaning of "Gung Ho", which may be of interest to Roundup readers: "'Gung Ho' is Chinese in origin. It was picked up by American GI's in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. As used by Americans, it is an expression of enthusiasm, sometimes like 'Great!' 'Fabulous!' 'Let's go!' 'What are we waiting for?' It can even be used as an adjective, as in 'He's gung ho for escalating the war,' or 'He's a gung ho escalationist.' The origin in Chinese means 'cooperation' or 'community spirit.'" Information for the Tribune item came from Richard B. Mather, professor of Chinese, Department of East and South Asian Languages, College of Liberal Arts, University of Minnesota.

ABE J. SPERLING,
Minneapolis, Minn.



BATH HOUSE at rest camp near Ranikhet, India, 7,000 feet above sea level. Photo by Andrew Janko.

Calcutta Another Fatehpur Sikri?

Akbar, the Mughal emperor, built the city of Fatehpur Sikri in the 16th century; was forced to abandon it when the water supply failed 10 years later. Will Calcutta be another Fatehpur Sikri?

By J. N. SEN GUPTA

From The Statesman

The month of May is considered to be the hottest month every year in and around Calcutta. About a decade and a half ago, the month's average temperature varied between 86 and 90°F., the maximum seldom rising above 100°F.; the average rainfall during May was 5.6 inches.

According to the latest meteorological calculations, the month of May this year has been claimed as "the driest May in the past 50 years", the city of Calcutta having received only less than an inch against more than two inches of rainfall last year. It is also well known that the maximum temperature this year shot up to 112°F.

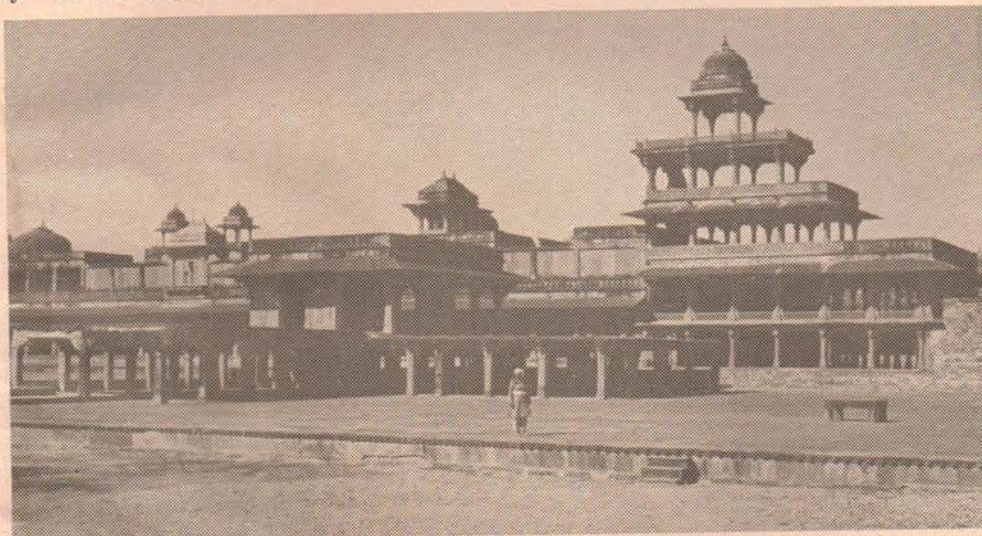
The city is right on the bank of Hooghly with its ample tidal saline water. Yet

the region known as Greater Calcutta with its surrounding belt has in recent years been subjected to an unusual drought with consequent scorching or wilting up of vegetative annuals and and poorer crop yields. Good and fresh fruits or vegetables of the season are scarce and, therefore, available at prohibitive prices.

In the hinterland most of the tubewells have dried up, and an acute scarcity of water for drinking and other essential purposes has forced men, women and children to line up before municipal offices which, as tax-collecting agencies, have a moral responsibility to maintain proper supplies. All these symptoms indicate an outward expression of the land's inward thirst for water, when its subterranean water-table has sunk lower as the upper layers of the ground have turned almost bone-dry.

Another contributory cause for this shrinkage of under-ground water is the very large number of tubewells sunk during the last decade, particularly those in close proximity to one another in recently sprung-up colonies in and around the old city, besides, of course, a number of large-dimensioned deep tubewells dotted all over the developing suburban townships.

The water-regime of this region has thus been seriously disturbed, and it is



PANCHAMAHAL at Fatehpur Sikri, the Mughal capital city built by Akbar in 1571 and abandoned a few years later on account of a water shortage.

necessary to trace its causes—both direct or immediate and indirect or remote—and to adopt remedial measures before it is too late. The moderate to locally heavy rainfall (with an annual average of 70 inches in and around Calcutta), stored above (in lakes, tanks, ponds, etc.) or underground to feed natural springs, is, apart from inland rivers and streams, the main source of water supply in the Gangetic plains of lower Bengal. This rainfall is determined to a great extent by the south-west monsoon that reaches us in two currents—the Arabic and the Bay of Bengal—mostly between the middle of June and the middle of October.

No Chhota Barsaat

The end of May was, in the past, invariably associated with pre-monsoon showers known as "Chhota Barsaat". This year the North Bengal regions bordering wooded hill ranges had their usual pre-monsoon showers, while we were only able to cast a lingering look on the dark fleeting clouds hovering over our heads in Calcutta.

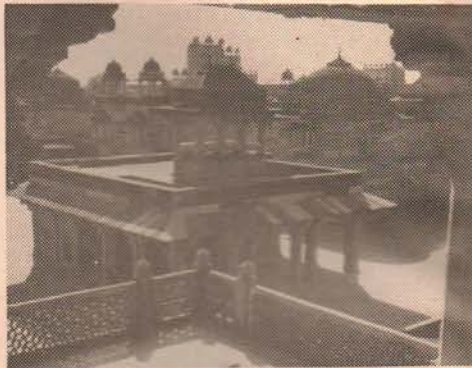
Why this step-motherly behaviour on the part of nature?

The obvious answer is that Nature's norm has been severely disrupted here by vandalism, caused by a steady process of indiscriminate removal of green belts of sporadic forests, treelands, orchards and even isolated trees. This was done first to meet the urgent wartime demands for timber and ballahs (smaller posts) at fancy prices and thereafter to feed the innumerable saw-and-plywood mills set up in and around Calcutta to supply an increasing demand for plywood, packing cases and other soft and hard timber for industrial purposes during the postwar development periods.

The situation worsened with virtual abolition of the import of foreign timber and when even the Andamans timber was not readily available. The sporadic sal forests in the adjoining districts of lower Bengal and Chotanagpur (Bihar), owned by private landlords till the abolition of the Zamindari System were stripped of their green cover because of attractive prices and ready cash offered by speculative contractors. The position was further aggravated by huge river valley projects, settlement of industrial belts by a crop of State enterprises in the public sector, ancillary townships and a chain of refugee colonies, all of which resulted in unchecked clearance of whatever forests or tree-lands had been left on the peripheral skirts of Calcutta. Even the poor-quality forests of the Sunderbans have not been spared. Herobhanga Block is a standing example of a derelict refugee colony.

Skyscrapers

Multi-storeyed buildings in and around



SOME of the buildings at Fatehpur Sikri, still in an excellent state of preservation although they date back to the 16th century.

a diminishing maidan or Eden Gardens can modernize cities, but cannot beautify them without any provision for adequate parks, avenues or other trees and gardens which can moderate the rigours of hot air and bring down the temperature to allure moisture-laden clouds to local precipitation. The absence of an integrated plan of development and lack of inter-departmental coordination have disturbed the obvious factors of locality, of which atmospheric conditions and water-regime are most essential.

The physiological and physical processes attendant on plant-growth reduce the temperature of the air, firstly by transpiring water and secondly by absorption of the sun's heat in the process of evaporation. Moreover, the ground under tree cover cannot become greatly heated by the sun's rays owing to the interception of the latter by the canopy of vegetation.

While forests or tree-lands do not increase the total rainfall of a region, they influence local distribution by affording cooler atmosphere and lowering the temperature of moisture-laden winds, which coming in contact with heavy fleeting clouds overhead bring them down in the form of rain. Again, trees and forests conserve the supply of subterranean water for natural springs and reservoirs. These conditions are now absent from Calcutta and its suburbs.

National highways and feeder roads have been constructed around Calcutta and elsewhere, but it will take many a decade to line them up with a canopy of marginal avenue trees. Multi-purpose river valley projects, undertaken at stupendous costs, are bound to fail, if co-ordinated schemes of a rigid protection of forests in their catchment areas and fixation of canal banks by green belts are not taken up in right earnest from the very beginning. Dams are convenient

silt-catchers and we have noticed that land bars with quick growing babul and other species of plants, have already raised their heads near Durgapur and other dam sites. These may call for dredging operations before long.

West Bengal today has been left with only 14% of its land area under forests against 33% stipulated for under the National Forests Policy of India laid down in 1952. The bulk of these forests are in the sub-montane tracts and hill ranges of Darjeeling, Jalpaiguri and Cooch Behar. The FAO and quinquennial World Forestry Congresses (the sixth congress is being held in Madrid this month) have long been insisting on increasing

the extent of forest-lands, village forests, tree-lands, avenue and canal-side plantations.

Why, therefore, disturb the few oases, and allow desert conditions to invade this region that was once fertile for various crops. If remedial measures are not quickly adopted to replenish the tree-lands in and around Calcutta to afford a canopy over their bald surface, time will not be far when Calcutta will go the same way as Akbar's dreamland, Fatehpur-Sikri, did, a few centuries ago. The octopus of an approaching desert is casting its lengthening shadows towards the lower plains of West Bengal and we must all beware of the phenomenon that portends evil.

—THE END

Barber Only PFC With 14-Man Salute

(CBI Roundup—March 30, 1944)

UPPER ASSAM BASE—Pfc. Michael Maroscia, of Cicero, Ill., known to the boys as Mike of Assam, runs a G.I. barber shop in this primitive jungle land, with his tontorial den serving as a clearing house for latrine rumors and neighborhood gossip.

The boys straggle in, clad in dusty flying togs or dirty fatigues. They usually order the works: shave, haircut, massage and shampoo. It looks like a big night. Two hours later they reappear clad in clean khaki, Theater ribbons and polished shoes. They're back for the nightly bull session.

Assam Mike is the character who presides over the sessions. He boasts, "I'm the only private first class in the Army who rates a 14-man salute." He has 14 Indian barbers and before they "bas" at night, they high-ball him and say, "Salaam, sahib."

"We got plenty of big shots going through here," says Mike. "See that chair? Joe E. Brown got his best shave and haircut there. Gen. Stilwell inspected the shop, too. Lots of brass, all kinds, comes here, just before going over The Hump. They all tell me what a swell shop I have and toss me lots of compliments. But, look, I'm still only a private first class."

Mike gets plenty of beefs from G.I.s because of his price of one rupee for a haircut and eight annas for a shave. He blames it all on transportation. His barbers all come from outlying villages, and, taking pride in their work, charge what he calls "Assam Union rates."

Every night he throws a G.I. party for his 14 subjects. They scrub everything, even if it's clean. Then the barber

king stands back and crows, "Watch this." Comes the 14-man salute.

As they leave, Mike of Assam grins, "Funny, isn't it? I worked for a living, and then I came into the Army and now Uncle Sam has made me an employer."

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More Rupees Per Dollar

Devaluation of the rupee by 36.5 per cent was announced in New Delhi, India, on June 5 by the Finance Minister, Mr. Sachindra Chaudhuri. He described it as one of a number of "economic decisions of great consequence to the health and progress of our economy."

This means that the value of the U.S. dollar is now Rs 7.5 instead of the previous Rs 4.76, and of the pound sterling Rs 21 against Rs 13.33.

There was a corresponding change in the unofficial foreign exchange market. Although Calcutta foreign exchange operators seemed somewhat hesitant in the days immediately following, a pound was bringing Rs 38 instead of Rs 28 and the unofficial exchange rate on the dollar went up from Rs 10 to Rs 17.

Prices of essential commodities increased all over India after devaluation of the rupee. Most prices went up about 10 per cent, although there were increases of from 25 per cent to 40 per cent on some items. This was not a part of the plan.

Justifying the Government's decision to devalue the rupee, Finance Minister Chaudhuri said that the general level of prices was 80 per cent more than what it was 10 years ago. The official par value of the rupee had remained unchanged since 1949. Prices in other countries had not risen as rapidly, and as a result Indian exports had been meeting increasing resistance in foreign markets.

Devaluation of the rupee, in his opinion, was an enduring and reliable way to restore and increase the competitive power of Indian exports. He said it would also act as a great inducement for the flow of investment into export industries, thereby progressively strengthening the country's export position.

The Finance Minister was of the opinion that devaluation would also quicken the pace of import substitution, since the cost of imports in terms of rupees would automatically go up. It would also encourage remittances into India and discourage remittances out of the country.

Other advantages that were likely to flow from the decision, he said, included an automatic scaling down of the foreign exchange burden arising from repatriation of profits, capital and royalty payments by private foreign investors; and an inducement to new foreign investment in the country.

Devaluation of the rupee, he added, would also make anti-social activities like smuggling of gold and other articles,

remittances through unauthorized channels, and sale of travellers' cheques in the unofficial markets "substantially less attractive."

To offset the increase in the cost of imports as a result of devaluation, Mr. Chaudhuri announced that the prices of foodgrains, fertilizers, kerosene and diesel oil would not be allowed to increase. The Government will also provide loans on easy terms for assistance to meet the increase in the rupee costs of students abroad.

He indicated some further announcements would be made to liberalize imports of components and raw materials, and more adequate imports of kerosene, copra, raw cotton, etc., to increase the availability of essential consumer goods.

Concluding, he said that devaluation would provide a better corrective to the price rise and distortions of the past, facilitate a better allocation of India's resources and strengthen her foreign exchange position on an enduring basis.

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

Returns From 'Land of Missing'

By HARRY ZINDER

Life and Time Correspondent

(CBI Roundup—June 29, 1944)

(This article, written specially for the Roundup, describes the adventures of Correspondent Zinder, who was listed as missing after the B-29 raid on Japan. Herein he describes his experiences and rescue from an emergency landing in China. Newsweek Correspondent William T. Shenkel is still missing.)

We had bombed our target well and truly. And 293, its sleek, aluminum exterior unscratched from flying through hails of ack-ack and passing through at least six converging searchlights, headed for home in the headlong speed. Through the intercom there was happy chatter of relieved crewmen who had been on their first combat mission and come through unscathed. Capt. Robert Root, 26, of Chicago turned the controls over to Lt. Clifford Anderson of New Rochelle, N.Y., and sat beside me on the escape hatch.

"Well, 293 is no longer a virgin." He spoke in the happy little tones of a man who figured maybe it wouldn't work out well but did. "And for that matter, neither are we." That was much more important to short, handsome Root.

The flight engineer, Lt. Pete Coury, of Sonora, Ariz., took a quick look at his instrument board, ghoulishly lit up by fluorescent lights, and then joined in the conversation. "She's running like a sewing machine. We'd better cut our speed, though, Captain." Andy throttled back to around 190 miles an hour and we headed over the Yellow Sea.

We looked out of the side of the hatches and just barely saw small fires, twinkling fingers of lights, and heard the steady roar of more planes.

We had been over Japan among the first few planes and our fires were guiding more and more Super-Fortresses in their first all-out strategic bombing of Japan's mainland.

"There's a red light about 90 degrees on our left," called out S/Sgt. Dan Serritello from his lonely perch in the tail. Some anonymous voice on the intercom quipped "Guess we're passing through the 'hook-shop' district." And then there was warm quiet, glittering stars overhead, and the comforting thought of food, sleep and maybe three ounces of Schenley's best when we got back to base.

In that blackest hour before first light, we crossed the China coast. We stripped

our Mae Wests, loosened our parachutes, tried to catch a few winks of sleep.

Engine on Fire

Suddenly, Left Gunner T/Sgt. Ellis M. Doolen, of Vernon, Ill., almost screamed through the mike, "Number three engine's smoking." Root cut Number Three out, spoke briefly to Flight Engineer Coury, "What are we consuming?" Coury gave the figure. Root checked with Navigator Lt. James Stanley, of Mouttrie, Ga., "Let me know as soon as we've crossed into Free China." He spoke briefly to Radioman Cephus Robinson, of Glinchew, Va. "Soon's we hit Free China try and contact some emergency field. We've got to land there." And 293 plowed on, powered down by three engines.

We struck Free China at dawn. Stanley gave the reading to Root and Robinson warmed up his radios. Before us were treacherously high ranges of mountains, clouded over by heavy overcast, which we had crossed at 14,000 feet coming over. With three engines and full power we might—but just might—get over but we'd never have enough gas to get back to base. Root took the only course advisable: an emergency landing in friendly territory.

Robinson reported that he couldn't make contact, that something was wrong with the radio equipment. Maps were taken out and airfields charted. Root kept 293 stooging in a plateau set in low hills through which a sluggish river ran. He swung her in easy left and right circles while he consulted with Anderson, Stanley, Bombardier Charles Albright, of Readin, Pa., and Coury. Gas was running low. There didn't seem any chance that we would get home to complete our mission. We had only one satisfaction: we had bombed. What happened now could only be an unexplainable anti-climax with no material significance.

Ship Lands

Root finally headed the ship for the river bed, calling through the mike, "Emergency landing." We hooked our parachutes tighter strapped on our jungle kits, braced against anything that would hold us. Root was making for a long narrow grassy field just north of a village—a Chinese village we hoped. Stanley called out altitudes: "500 feet, 400 feet, 300 feet, 200 feet, 100 feet—" and our wheels struck the soft, patchy grass with the ship almost nosing over as Root struggled with the controls. But she didn't. He pointed the nose slightly up and rolled on, bringing that 50-ton mon-

ster that needs 8,500 feet for take off to a dead, wheelsdown landing in little over 1,500 feet. It was so miraculous that the crewmen cheered and our little group around the flight deck applauded Root's skill.

As we piled out of the ship, we saw dozens of people from the village running towards the plane. We stood quietly but ready. With the fighting so fluid in the Honan province, we weren't exactly sure who held the village. I looked at them through glasses, found a Chinese officer in the middle, and told my friends. They relaxed, smiled. The Chinese officer, his interpreter and a guard closed in on us. They were worried. "The Japs," they said, and pointed north and east, "are very close."

Root and I held a little confab. We decided it would be best to burn the ship, destroy everything possible, and then get out away from the village. The Chinese officer promised to help us in every way and left a guard with us while we went off to report our position and try and get some relief ship to take us away.

He had no sooner reached the edge of the village when two Jap fighter planes streaked over head, peeled off for an attack. We hit the dirt in a shallow ditch about 50 or 60 yards from the Super Fortress. The Zero came in first, straffed the whole left side of the ship, swooped up in a screaming climb. And then the Oscar dove in. We hugged the ground closer as dirt, flowers and mud were splattered up over us in the ditch from stray bullets. Two more passes each and the fighters sped away.

There was a small fire in the ship. Root and two enlisted men went in to save a series of maps for us and complete the destruction of secret equipment in this latest and biggest of all America's bombers. We stood idly by when suddenly the Chinese called out again, "Ching Pao," and a distant bell in the village rang urgently.

Jap Planes

We looked up and saw this time 15 Jap ships—six bombers and nine fighters headed our way. We made for the ditch again, spread out, and frighteningly waited. The fighters peeled off first, all getting in a sound straffing and then they went up to cover for the bombers. Old 293 was a sitting duck for these twin-engined jobs, a great big wounded duck, sitting in the middle of a green grassy field. Yet though these six bombers dropped 24 bombs of about hundred-pound calibre, only one bomb was a direct hit. The others just dropped all round the ship, many of them too close for comfort to the little ditch.

We stayed on in the ditch for a long

while after that, but by noon the Japs must have felt they had done all the damage they could. They were determined to get that plane and anything living in it. They did a fair job on the plane, which was blazing with fires all over it. They saved us the job of destroying it ourselves.

With the help of the Chinese officer and his men we sneaked out to a little farmhouse near the village and made plans. We thought first of splitting into two parties and getting away at night. The Chinese were still troubled by the thought of a Jap raiding party or even paratroopers coming in. But in the meantime they treated us marvelously. They fed us royally, gave us beds to rest in, put a guard around the house, kept away all unwanted visitors.

That night the Chinese officer reported that he had contacted a fighter strip 120 miles to the south and west where arrangements had been made to pick us up the following day. At four the next morning we arose, walked over to the ship for last farewells (there were tears in the eyes of some of the crew members), and clambered on Chinese horses for a two-mile ride to where the Chinese bus waited to take us away.

By two that afternoon a B-25 landed and almost without turning off the engines, took us off. Late that night we were back at our base.

Tell All
Your Friends
About
Ex-CBI
Roundup

INDIA: Starved and Troubled

By the Associated Press

CALCUTTA, India—This is one of the world's largest cities and it is a city in crisis—overwhelmed by runaway population, poverty, hunger, disease and illiteracy.

A third of its people live in conditions which by Western standards are unfit for human habitation.

"We're really in a race with time," one official admits.

If the race is lost, all of India will face a serious threat, experts here agree. Repercussions could be felt throughout Asia.

Bloody rioting broke out in mid-March, ostensibly over food shortages. Before the army regained control, about 30 lives had been lost, and millions of dollars worth of property—mostly government—had been burned or otherwise destroyed.

The violence was inspired by leftists, who are capitalizing on the deteriorating situation.

Even nature is working against Calcutta. The harbor, major trade link between East and West, is silting up; and the flow of fresh water into the Hooghly River is diverting into other branches of the mighty Ganges.

"Given the resources of the area, the city is faced with a hopeless task," was the grim resume of one qualified observer.

"Local resources such as taxes are insufficient; administrative ability is skimpy."

"There is a great air of hopelessness, despair and cynicism."

"We don't have citizen good will. We have a crisis but no sense of crisis in the city and state administration."

"The problems are so chronic and the people so long-suffering that you can't arouse a development effort."

Under British rule Calcutta developed into one of the busiest ports. It was India's capital until 1912, the site of palatial British residences and government buildings.

Calcutta's real problems came with India's independence and partition of the subcontinent. About a million of the 4.2 million Hindu refugees who left East Pakistan swarmed into Calcutta, straining facilities.

The result is a metropolitan city of about seven million persons, gaining 200,000 a year. The Hooghly River on one side and salt water swamps on the other

keep Calcutta from spreading out, so the population density goes up and up.

Calcutta is estimated to have 102,000 people per square mile, compared with 27,000 for New York City.

An official at the Calcutta Metropolitan Planning Organization pointed out that "in New York you achieve density by building skyscrapers. Here we have one-story bastees (slums). We have no room for schools, parks or hospitals."

It is estimated that three-fourths of Calcutta's people live in overcrowded tenement and bastees quarters, ridden with flies and rats. About 60 per cent of multimember families are jammed into one-room quarters—many without running water. Thousands live on the sidewalks.

The lack of safe water supply, sewage facilities and proper housing has made Calcutta an endemic source of cholera and other diseases. The World Health Organization calls the city an international health hazard amid its tropical heat and humidity.

Five years ago, the Ford Foundation sent a team of international specialists in urban planning. As a result a planning organization came into being and today the foreign experts work alongside Indian planners, turning out programs aimed at preventing catastrophe here.

John P. Robin, former chairman of the Pennsylvania Planning Board, is chief consultant. Others in the group include Arthur Row, on leave from Yale University where he is chairman of the Department of City Planning.

The foreign experts decline to be quoted on Calcutta's problems because of possible resentment at interference by outsiders. Indian officials similarly decline, fearing they would become targets of leftist agitators.

But interviews with planners and city, state and port officials produce this summary of Calcutta's problems:

—Not only is Calcutta grossly overpopulated, but so is its trade area—the states of West Bengal, Bihar, Orissa and Assam. Calcutta is the only city over 300,000 in this great rural area. The states have a total population of about 146 million people, equal to that in all the European Common Market countries.

—Calcutta is the most backward city and area in India in terms of educational facilities. No school is available for a half-million children. At the pres-

ent rate of population growth, Calcutta would have to build 100 schools a year for 20 years and these would have to operate double shifts. Calcutta has not opened a single school in the past 10 years.

Hospitals are so overcrowded that patients pronounced incurably ill must leave. The city has 3.8 hospital beds per 1,000 people, a fairly good figure for India. But people come from all over eastern India for treatment. The city is building one hospital every 10 years.

It would take about 200,000 new houses to clear the present bustees. The present rate of building would take 100 more years just to clear the present slums.

Calcutta's existence is based on its port, which handles 42 per cent of India's exports and 25 per cent of its imports. But the port is dying and plans are under way to build a new port nearer the open sea, at Haldia, 60 miles south of Calcutta.

Through a natural diversion process, the Ganges River has been shifting the main volume of its water to its mouths in East Pakistan. Water flowing into the Hooghly is so silt-laden that dredges are

unable to keep up with it. The river today is limited to ships of about 26-foot draft and 10,000 tons.

Reduced water flow has caused three other problems. It has caused the city a severe shortage of fresh water; it is insufficient to flush away the sewage pouring into the river; and salt water pushing in from the Bay of Bengal is threatening fresh water supplies.

Part of Calcutta's problem is the vast number of uneducated, unskilled male laborers flocking in from the surrounding rural area.

They have contributed to the estimated 15 per cent open, or readily apparent, unemployment. A city official said there is a tremendous concealed unemployment, including the sidewalk sleepers who don't apply for jobs or get counted.

The influx of men has made Calcutta "the most male city in the world." The 1961 census showed 450 women for every 1,000 men. This increases sex crimes, prostitution, and venereal disease.

The men send whatever money they can scrape together home to their wives and children and this gives Calcutta a high volume of postal money order business.



News dispatches from recent issues
of *The Calcutta Statesman*

DEHRA DUN—The oil and Natural Gas Commission has started drilling at Bodra, near Calcutta. It is proposed to go down to a depth of 5,000 metres in search of hydrocarbons in the first well. Drilling in this area was abandoned by an American company in 1960, but since that time probing parties of the ONGC have found structures suitable for drilling.

CALCUTTA—The Calcutta Historical Society, one of the country's oldest institutions devoted to historical studies, will celebrate its diamond jubilee early in 1967. Founded in 1907, the society has been publishing the six-monthly journal, *Bengal Past and Present*, for many years. On the occasion of the jubilee a special issue of the journal will be published with articles by noted scholars from all over India.

NEW DELHI—Imported cargo, worth about Rs 17 lakhs, was stolen from In-

dian ports within the last two years, UNI has learned from official quarters. The extent of loss involved in foreign exchange due to reissue of import licenses could not be determined.

NEW DELHI—Two new ordnance factories which Pakistan proposes to build in East Pakistan will be set up with Chinese assistance, according to diplomatic sources. One of these factories will be located at Chittagong and the other at Narayanganj near Dacca. Chinese technicians in East Pakistan are busy setting up a radar network along the Indian border to watch the movement of IAF planes and Indian troops.

MADRAS—Nearly Rs 10 lakhs worth of imported equipment meant for the Sabarigiri hydro-electric project in Kerala have been rendered useless because of the authorities' failure to store them properly. Steel punchings imported from the USA were kept out in the open at the project site for more than a year, and now are rejected by the American engineers associated with the project because they are covered with rust. The Kerala State Electricity board, responsible for the project, have contended that its officials were not aware of the need to store the equipment indoors.

Third Class Carriage Life

By S/Sgt. Karl Peterson

(CBI Roundup—June 29, 1944)

The railway system in India is one of the major reasons why experts predict a vast expansion of air travel after the current unpleasantness is over. Travel orders come sooner or later to G.I.'s in India, however, as they must to all men. That product of some legal eagle, that pregnant phrase, "via air or rail transportation," leaps to haunt the prospective jaunter.

Indian railway track comes in three yardages, broad (Ha!), narrow, and narrower gauges, plus some uncatalogued widths which crop up unexpectedly to add rustic charm to the country. Trains are referred to as the Lahore-Up or the Allahabad-Down, creating a sense of vertical motion which often becomes violent in certain sections of roadbed.

Tickets are sold, or "booked," for first, second, third and inter-class, the last implying, quite literally, that you are traveling in no class at all. Shrewd State-side characters of big-city upbringing sometimes try to skip a grade, however, and ride the plush with a down-priced ducat. If caught, however, they run smack into rule 52, which states in part:

"Provided that where the passenger has immediately after incurring the charge and before being detected by a railway servant notifies to the railway servant on duty with the train the fact of the charge having been incurred the excess charge shall be one-sixth of the excess charge otherwise payable calculated to the nearest anna, or two annas, whichever is greater." You can readily see this is rugged, if not confusing.

Toil-worn troops enroute to any of the various rest camps in India for an invigorating two weeks of bracing climate, rich food and pleasant recreation bounce merrily along on the third class boards. These "special" troop trains rocket along at speeds up to 15 and 17 miles an hour, but often must be shunted off on a siding to rest and give the right-of-way to some slow freight.

Life in third-class carriages is tastefully simple and plain. A barren bench, a water tap, a hole in the floor, and thou.

The "convenience compartment" is situated fore rather than aft, so that on those rare occasions when the train is in mo-

tion, riders have its lovely aura blown back in their faces.

The well-padded aristocracy of the first-class coaches wire ahead to the various Fred Harveys of India for meals at the stations, but troops gleefully gobble their iron rations and decant 'garam paanee' from the grinning engineer wallah's locomotive to brew poisonous coffee with a texture like crude oil.

Indian railway stations have more compartments than a honeycomb, what with the first, second, third and inter-class waiting rooms, refreshment rooms, and "retiring rooms", plus separate short order joints for Hindus and Mohammedans. By the time all the various categories have been satisfied, even a whistle stop offers a pretty sizeable establishment, the floor space of which is invariably used in lieu of boudoir at night by the local populace.

When the Kanchenjunga Choo-choo, one of India's crack fliers, staggers into a station, passengers in the already sardine-packed compartments unsportingly throw the door bolts which were originally intended for the protection of "ladies, traveling alone."

This no whit discourages the howling mob of ticket-holders outside who proceed to clamber through the windows, aided by husky shoves from outside. The "ins" just as unabashedly shove them back.

Ambitiously, however, the railways also endeavor to haul pet dogs, at an interesting per canine rate of 5 annas the first 300 miles and 4 annas for each additional 50 miles. Smuggling is severely dealt with: "If the dog is detected unbooked, ordinary charges, i.e., double the dog-box rates, will be recovered." Between dishonest passengers and unbooked dogs, Indian trainmen spend considerable time "detecting."

No one "rides the rods" on Indian railroads, which speaks pretty highly for the intelligence of the Hindustan hobos, who know a good thing to leave alone when they see it. These forshortened goods wagons spend most of their time being booted around switching yards.

War-time theme of India's railway system is, "Don't ride the trains if you don't absolutely have to."

We concur!

BOOK REVIEWS



YANKS DON'T CRY. By Martin Boyle. Pocket Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. May 1966. Paperback, 50c.

The author of this book was a Marine imprisoned by the Japanese for four awful years during World War II. This is a tough, no-punches-pulled narrative of what it was like, with his own personal observations relating to the psychology of the prisoner of war.

JOURNEY THROUGH FEAR. By Jules Roy. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. May 1966. \$6.95.

A new book by the author of "The Battle of Dienbienphu" reports on a recent, disenchanting visit to Communist China. The book is as alarming as it is enlightening.

OLD MALI AND THE BOY. By D. R. Sherman. Pocket Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. June 1966. Paperback, 75c.

A short, simple and moving tale of a 12-year-old white boy growing up in India under the wise tutelage of his widowed mother's gardener. Mali and the boy go off on a hunting expedition, and the gardener is badly injured when his foot is caught in a trap. He fulfills his promise to get the boy home safely but dies in the attempt.

TIGER FOR BREAKFAST: The Story of Boris of Kathmandu. By Michel Peissel. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, N.Y. June 1966. \$5.95.

The personal story of the former ballet star who now owns and operates the Royal Hotel, a fabulous tourist attraction in Kathmandu. The author has led an exciting life in Nepal and India—dancing, hunting tigers, catching elephants, hobnobbing with kings and maharajahs, fighting the Bolsheviks, escaping from the Soviets, organizing gala state affairs.

SHANTUNG COMPOUND: The Story of Men and Women Under Pressure. By Langdon B. Gilkey. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. June 1966. \$4.95.

The 2,000 people from Peking and Tientsin in the Japanese prison camp near Weih sien, North China, in 1943-1945, unlike Allied internees in other camps, did not suffer from terrorism or torture. They were given enough, if barely enough, food and shelter. But they lacked comforts, there was no privacy, and they were cooped up together

for months. Gilkey, a young student from Peking, was a camp census taker, housing agent and cook. From his journal, he has written an interesting study of how men build a new society when they must start afresh. It tells of the frictions and refusals to compromise over basic conditions of life; a fascinating, all-too-human social study.

CHINA: Empire of the 700 Million. By Harry Hamm, translated by Victor Anderson. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. June, 1966. \$5.95.

This is a three-part evaluation of contemporary China by an internationally known journalist who writes for Frankfurt's *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The first section is a detailed account of the author's journey through China. Part two is a discussion of the forces which have made China "a society in transition"—population, economy and education. The last section deals with China's future, her break with Russia and her relations with the West.

THE SOLDIERS' REVOLT. By Hans Hellmuth Kirst. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. June 1966. \$5.95.

Presented as a novel, but using many real names and much material from official records, this is a dramatic retelling of the German Army plot to assassinate Hitler in July 1944. The story is centered around one plotter, in this case a fictional character, his beautiful and faithful secretary, and his brother.

TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN. By Jon and Rumer Godden. The Viking Press, New York, N.Y. June 1966. \$5.00.

Two gifted sisters recall their Indian childhood in this midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. In 1914, after a year in London, the girls come home to Bengal where their father is a steamship agent. They are six and seven-and-a-half years of age, and their stories cover the next five years. Included are the sights and sounds of a sunlit world, the exotic variety of people and places, the dramas that touched their young lives. Both the authors, who speak as one in this book, are well-known novelists in their own right.

BACKGROUND TO VIETNAM. By Bernard Newman. Signet Books (New American Library). June 1966. Paperback, 75c.

The author, a British newspaper man, has a long familiarity with what has been going on in Vietnam dating back to the Vietminh wars with the French. He has interviewed important leaders on both sides, drawn upon his knowledge of the Vietnamese peasantry, and explains how the present situation came about.

Where the Old and New Co-Exist

By DESMOND DOIG

(From The Statesman)

Where else could it happen today? Living on a hill called Ola-thang-kha where demons in the guise of long-haired ascetics once came to snatch the body of a dying saint. Rising with a cold and being fed aconite, a deadly poison, as a cure. And when it failed, a lama reminding his Queen that she possessed a panacea of all ills in the form of a medicine compounded of 300 herbs, all the flowers of the mountains, and the influence of several lamas praying non-stop and unsleeping for seven days.

There it was, brown and perfumed, like tea-dust, poured from a bag of gold brocade on which many years ago the powerful 13th Dalai Lama had himself inscribed a prayer. "Nothing like it in the whole world today" two lamas intoned as they made a brew of the powder and boiling water and served it in a lacquer cup. For those who are interested, it worked almost immediately.

Where else are crows considered pious because their caw-caw-cawing is unceasing prayer to the gods? Dances at dawn, a full moon sat cold upon the shoulder of a high mountain, willow trees in silhouette and people lit by the flames of votive lamps. "Like a train needs rails, and signals, and a searchlight to light its way through the dark," said a lama using a strangely alien simile, "so our way to eternity requires the propitiation of the six Buddhas of the six worlds." Did I know that even the gods knew suffering? Not those who had attained to Buddhahood, but the gods in the world of gods who experience death and rebirth. "They each have a soul tree and a soul lake" said the lama, pointing with slender fingers to an old mural on which the Buddhas of the six worlds were portrayed. "Theirs is the suffering of seeing their soul trees wither and their soul lakes dry. Because then they know they will surely die and be done with the good life."

Where else is a King so respected, so absolutely obeyed, so acknowledged an authority on every aspect of his country's way of life? "He knows everything," said an old palace servant. "The King will explain it better," concluded a senior lama after trying to unravel for me the complexities of the Wheel of Life concept. "He is part divine," said another pointing

out that the King is descended from the mystical rulers of Sadam in Tibet who opposed the mighty Kesar Ling of history and legend. And where does a Queen ride to attend a religious ceremony with singers and dancing girls leading her procession, her servants walking beside her, her saddle fashioned in gold and silver and hung with costly brocades, her path perfumed with incense fires to clear the air of evil?

In Bhutan last week the very old and the very new co-existed happily and colourfully and if I had been required to put my money on the more assertive of the two right then, it would have been added to the coffers of tradition, placed among the votive offerings in the monasteries and dzongs of that exotic land. Paro, the old summer capital, was en fete when I arrived. The occasion was Tse Chhu, or the birthday of the Indian saint any mystic Guru Padma Sambhava who in Bhutan is considered to be a reincarnation of Gautam Buddha, and is even more revered. The centre of interest was a courtyard above the great dzong where for five succeeding days the teachings and life story of the saint known to Bhutan as the Guru Rimpoche, were presented in song and dance. People crowded in from all the hamlets around, gaudy as peacocks and Paradise birds. Three hundred lamas from the dzong participated. A bazaar sprang up on the fringes of the crowd, selling the beautiful weaves of Bhutan, cheap toilet requisites from India, and mountains of raw betel nut, pungent smelling, tooth-staining. The Queen sat in a special pavilion hung with gay cloths; officials in another; lamas and musicians in a third. And every morning, long before the sun up a great scroll appliqued in costly brocades and depicting the Gura Padma Sambhava attended by his Indian and Tibetan wives, was hung down the entire side of a three-storied building, a sumptuous background to the dances.

To view the scroll required early rising because no sooner was the sun pushing up behind the valley walls than it was lowered, rolled up and stowed away to prevent it from fading. Fire that once swept the dzong miraculously spared the scroll and the lamas quite obviously are taking no more chances.

To me, more interesting even than the dances were the people, like an outpouring of jewels from the mountain sides on

which they sat, all in traditional costume hair cropped short, bare-footed or felt-booted, though on many a male Bhutanese leg are the first signs of alien fashion—knee-length nylon stockings and shoes. I had declined to wear a bak-hu, (Bhutanese robe) funkling the formalities of how to wear it correctly, greet people in it, sit in it, eat in it, and so with a sprinkling of Nepalese drivers who sported Tony Curtis hairdos and zoo-ty clothes, I protruded as obviously from the crowd as prayer flags on a bald mountainside. In another five years, I wondered, would the contrast be so marked? At one point of the proceedings dancers representing the guardian spirits of the Guru Rimpoche leaped and darted among the crowd, donging men on their heads with a wooden wand and whacking women across their brocaded backs. No one seemed to mind since antics were accepted as blessings and children particularly got a great deal of fun out of them.

When the dances were done and people drained their colour and chatter from Paro, there remained the splendours of the great dzong, the stupas and covered bridge, a royal palace built in imitation of the Guru Rimpoche's heavenly abode, Sando-peri, three tiered and lavishly painted, the archery ground and the market place, the mountains, and the lush valley itself, to preserve the illusion of a timeless never-land. There was a Bhutanese bath to be experienced, high on a mountainside above Paro, the view superb, fresh snow on nearby mountain tops, evening filling the valley with pale mist, the rivers silver, houses huddled against the cold. The bath was a wooden trough sunk in the earth and into it a runnel of water had been diverted. Nearby were a tent, cozily fitted with mattresses, blankets, towels, and gay Tibetan rugs, and a pile of stones being cooked over a fierce fire. An old lama conducted the proceedings. As a few of the stones were placed sizzling into the water he issued orders to strip. When the water was fairly boiling he commanded us into it. Fistfuls of herbs were added at the suggestion of my companion in the bath, the well-known photographer, botanist and Himalayanist of Sikkim, Tse Ten Tashi. We cooked for an hour, avoiding direct contact with the heated stones as best the small tub would allow. Small boys and people returning home from their fields stopped to look and exchange highly suspicious pleasantries with our Bhutanese guides. Sunset sent icy winds wooshing down the valley and painted the mountains

extravagant shades of violet, blue, magenta. We cooked unheeding of the cold, then staggered weak and dizzy into the tent to sip a brew of fried eggs, butter and hot barley beer all mixed rather sickeningly together, and to sleep.

We were taken by the Queen one afternoon to Kyichhu monastery, two miles up valley from Paro, along a now motorable track.

An attempt to assassinate the King as he prayed at Kyichhu last August has added a grim chapter to the monastery's long history. There is the tree from behind which the assassin threw a grenade and fired a round, there the small depression into which the King flung himself to escape miraculously, and there on a wall containing a line of pious prayer wheels are the raw scars caused by grenade fragments. The old and the bewildering new, side by side.

In 1959 when I first visited Bhutan it required six days of hard riding and trekking to cover the 120 miles between Buxar Dooars in India and Paro in Bhutan.

There was a narrow, well-travelled track that tunnelled endlessly through jungle, climbed above precipices and often plunged to the valley floor to avoid the perpendicular walls of gorges. Leeches were a nightmare, attacking from rocks, trees, bushes, the grass bloodying horses and mules to look like battle casualties, and they found their way into the most carefully laced clothes to gorge themselves fat, as many as 30 on a single leg, the size of sausages. Camp at night was made in wooden rest houses or out in the open with pine needles carpeting the ground and young pine trees sacrificed to form an artificial hedge about the camp perimeter. When the first signs of habitation appeared, our guides and muleteers would sing out in high voices to women working in the fields suggestive songs that never failed to provoke an equally suggestive reply.

"I am the lord of the valley and I will have everything in it, so prepare yourself" sang my guide. "Lord you may be but are you capable?" came the mocking retort.

Today the Indo-Bhutanese highway, begun in the winter of 1959-60, reaches well beyond Paro and Thimphu (the capital) from Phuntsoling a brand new Bhutanese border town. Though a good half of it is black-topped it can be used only by jeeps and power wagons since long stretches are as rough as the lunar surface, and that hardy breed of extrovert Nepalese drivers who travel it daily

are often heard to complain that tyres last a month, jeeps hardly two years, and nerves not at all if they fail to crystallize in the first shock of exposure to the road. Bhutanese drivers are apt, all of a sudden, to apply their brakes and burst into song. And back comes the inevitable answer from women building a house or working in the fields: "But are you capable, my power-driven lord?"

The jungle is retreating, often wantonly felled. Near the palace in Thimphu ancient oaks were cut down before the King could voice his displeasure but two contractors languish in a dungeon of the dzong for indiscriminately chopping down several hundred pine trees.

Bhutan now works to time. Audiences with the King or senior officials were once scheduled for the morning, "before the sun's decline." Now they are set by the clock. When it was explained to me how perfect lamas in the monasteries signal the hours by whacking leather whips of wood, I inquired how they kept count of the time. "I think by bamboo bottles filled with sand—like your hour glasses" I was told. For confirmation a lama was consulted and he said, very casually: "By clock, of course." But once upon a time . . . Since Bhutanese are early risers, business begins early. The King receives his first callers at 5:30 a.m. Out of consideration for lazier alien ways he sees foreign visitors at more reasonable hours, though still before the outside world's breakfast time.

One evening as I walked past the dzong in Paro, the valley below submerged in silence, there came a whacking and a crying from inside the massive building. "That's the lama on watch," said my Bhutanese guide, dispelling uneasy thoughts of dungeons and torture chambers. "He is warning those inside the dzong that the gates are about to be closed, and is cautioning them to guard their fires. There are very few dzongs in Bhutan that have escaped destruction by fire at least once in their long history." True enough, a lama appeared in the entrance of the building attended by another carrying a lamp, and as we watched he repeatedly cracked a leather whip and called out in a loud sing-song voice. Dogs barked. A few shadowy figures hurried from the dzong. Then the giant wooden doors were banged to and imagination ran riot. Up went the wooden draw bridge. Swinging lights filled the valley below. Bugles sounded. Yet another Tibetan army was poised for attack. Or was it Troy, and out there on the darkening plain a wood-

en horse abuilding? Or Calais castle, awaiting the English? Or some Turkish fortress braced against the Crusaders, bowmen at the archery bays, men stood by cauldrons of boiling water and piles of boulders to pour upon the enemy, women alert to douse flaming arrows? Minutes later I was in a Royal guesthouse, an electric gramophone playing Belafonte and Beatles records.

What is important in Bhutan today is the effect such startling contrast and change is having upon a country that until eight years ago was closed to the world outside, a country that steadfastly refused to accept aid to develop for fear of interference in its closely guarded affairs. "People are better dressed," said a Bhutanese, who had been away for a couple of years. Which presumably is because they have money to spend. Until as late as 1959 the country practised an almost total barter economy: taxes, tributes, fines and salaries were paid in kind—in locally woven cloth, in butter, in foodgrain or livestock, in dried meat, baskets, wooden bowls, salt, necklaces of yak cheese, and in almost anything a person had to give or exchange. Actual cash was scarce until suddenly there were roads to build and an army to be drafted into.

Tragedy soon followed in Bhutan's race to develop when the late Prime Minister Jigme Dorji fell victim to the very processes he and the King had initiated. Fear and the age-old Bhutanese suspicion were more his assassins than the man called Jambay, and they still prowl Bhutan, a threat to any inspired too urgent reformer. But if there were prophets who thought that Bhutan would retreat into its old world of seclusion as a result of the crises of 1964 they were wrong. Only the tempo and emphasis changed, and not adversely. The King very wisely reduced the demands that road construction and compulsory army service were making on his people: there had been a time when Bhutanese homes had been so denuded of even women and children that agriculture and many of the splendid crafts of Bhutan had languished. Now it is rare to see Bhutanese working on the roads. Their place has been taken by squads of Indian Border Road personnel and gangs of Nepalese.

India has a large and generous hand in Bhutan's development. It has provided the hard cash, and much of the expert know-how in the shape of such experienced advisers as Mr. B. S. Randhawa who proved himself to be something of an agricultural genius in Nepal and was responsible for designing and

laying out the Buddha Jayanti gardens in Delhi; in Mr. R. N. Rustomji to whom more than one new Bhutanese school will be memorial; and in Mr. O. P. Mathur, who in 1959 helped launch the new Bhutan when he began the construction of the first jeepable highway between India and Paro. Indians apart, there is only one foreign adviser in Bhutan and he is Japanese, loaned to demonstrate the Japanese method of cultivation under the Colombo Plan.

The real power behind Bhutan's development, of course, is the King. He is still very much the well-loved, respected and instantly obeyed chieftain of a people historically self-centred and accustomed to a powerful chief. Schooled entirely within his country, he has a more than usual knowledge of things Bhutanese, besides a healthy interest in world affairs. He speaks English, Hindi, Nepalese and Tibetan fluently apart from his native Bhutanese and is gifted with an

unusually retentive memory. Speaking to him one gets the impression of a person deeply aware of his country's problems, eager to advance though cautious if not a little perturbed by too rapid change, and above all, determined to preserve Bhutan's entity. He looks well despite persistent reports to the contrary but is leaving nothing to chance in the obvious grooming of his half-brother, Dasho Wangchuk, for power. Dasho Wangchuk, 21, but wise for his years and already enjoying a reputation as a man of the people, has been declared regent to the 10-year-old Crown Prince now studying in England, and should he ever succeed to office, he will be as sure of his country's support as his people are of his sympathy. In all, despite the crises that have recently shaken Bhutan, the future looks hopeful and good. Even ancient prophecy, propounded by some lamas of Paro, suggests the worst is over.

—THE END.



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

HYDERABAD—Trains passing through drought-hit areas of Rayalaseema are having reserve police escorts to ensure that thirsty villagers do not hold up the trains to get water from the engines. The latest "holdup" was at Bainhal village in Kurnool district where the train was mobbed and the driver forced to empty the tank.

ALLAHABAD—An 11th century A.D. temple has been discovered at Jamsot, a village in Meja tehsil of Allahabad district. The temple is like the Dula Deo temple of Khapuraho. About 120 pieces of sculpture have also been found at the site.

SILIGURI—Centenary celebration of the New Chumpta Tea Estate was observed recently. In welcoming the guests Mr. Sumant Prashad, chairman, said the late Mr. C. M. Fitzgerald obtained land in the Terai at nominal rent of six annas per acre, the payment of which was to start five years later. About 400 acres was transferred in 1872 to the Chumpta Tea Estate. Early in 1866 tea was planted in a small area of this estate and these were the first tea bushes in the Terai. The output was one maund per acre in

1880 against 19 maunds per acre today. Labour wages which were then two to four annas a day are now Rs 2 daily. Labour-management relations have been excellent throughout and as part of the centenary celebrations every laborer received a dhoti or sari.

CALCUTTA—This year's drought has resulted in North-East India's worst rainfall deficiency in five decades, according to Calcutta meteorological experts. Rainfall records of the past 50 years show that in certain selected stations in Assam, West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, almost similar drought conditions occurred in 1922, 1930, 1945 and 1960, but rainfall deficiency was not as acute as now.

NEW DELHI—India has acquired three new Russian TU-124 jet airliners for the use of VIPs like the President and the Prime Minister in replacement for slower aircraft like Ilyushin-18 acquired earlier. The TU-124 is a pure jet airliner with a normal seating capacity of 44, which can be increased up to a maximum of 60.

BOMBAY—Construction of the first frigate at the Mazgaon Docks in Bombay, is expected to begin soon, to be followed by work on another frigate 18 months later. Each will take about four years to build, according to Rear Admiral Nanda, former Managing Director of the Mazgaon Docks who has now taken over as Flag Officer Commanding the Indian Fleet. The frigates, of an advanced type of the Leander class, are being built in collaboration with the British Admiralty and the British firm of Vickers and Yarrows.

Oh Joy, The Hot Season!

(CBI Roundup—June 8, 1944)

Comes now, oh, joy, the hot season and, with it, the absorbing question: "What can I do about it?"

The solving of that enigma, chum, is the \$64 answer to end all \$64 answers.

About all you can do is sweat it out, but literally.

You can never really get cool when the mercury bubbles merrily in the thermometer tube and inches perilously close to the top.

But there are several ingenious artifices which help somewhat to alleviate the scorched earth policy adopted by Old Sol in this neck of the world.

One of these is the khuss-khuss, a mat of woven grass which, when wetted, magically transforms the air passing through it into a refreshing spring breeze.

At least, that is the theory. It works out differently, of course, in actual practice. First, there must be a breeze (Pardon, our hollow, croaking laugh.) Second, we suppose that your bhisti (water boys) are much like ours, which means that your khuss-khuss remains brown and sere and that the interior of your room is remindful of a Bessemer Furnace.

The bhisti has a positive genius for disappearing into thin air and lends some credence to the much ridiculed knack of climbing up a rope and pulling it up after them. Either that, or he is sleeping so soundly that Rip Van Winkle could take lessons in the gentle art of relaxation.

During his few moments of wakefulness, the bhisti has one all-engrossing interest. Unfortunately, this is not to get on with his work but, rather, to mooch cigarettes from the sahibs he has so shamefully neglected. In the sparse hope that a smoke may spur him into action, the cigarette is given. But instead of the pleasing sound of water splashing against the khuss-khuss, there is generally only the even, modulated polyphony of his snore to disturb the fetid summer air.

Fellow martyrs who suffered through last summer remember still another unpleasant aspect. That would be prickly heat, of course.

One of the redeeming features of prickly heat is that it welds all walks of military life, from private to general, from Quartermaster to Infantry, into one strong, sympathetic bond. Prickly heat knows no favorites.

The cures for prickly heat are numerous. But all have one basic factor in

common—none of 'em work. We know one chap who, at summer's end, had so many sure-fire nostrums stacked up under his bunk that he poured them into a bucket. The result was startling. The bucket jittersbugged down the road whistling "Mairzy Doats," took off with the verve of a B-25 and exploded in mid-air. He's still trying to recall the formula, believing the concoction would be more pleasing to the palate than Fighter Brand Whisky, with the same internal reactions.

Yet another feature of a CBI summer is the advent of tropical wearing apparel, particularly shorts and topees.

It will forever remain a mystery to us why the Yank sahibs who are physically worst equipped for shorts are the principal devotees of these hacked-down pants. From our observations, the requirements appear to be either (a) a pair of knobby knees a la Sir Harry Lauder or (b) a rumble seat of generous proportions. For shame, gentlemen.

The various styles of topees are intriguing. Some fit rakishly on the top of the noggin like a beret; others lovingly drape themselves around the wearers' ears. Never in a zillion years, we submit, will the Yank be able to accoutre himself in a topee with the calm, unruffled dignity of the pucca British sahib.

And so with the sweet, soothing strains of "Indian Summer" gently assuaging our ears, the Roundup leaves you until this same time next Thursday.

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PALACE of Udaipur in Central India. Photo by Ben Brannon.

Leprosy Control

● Readers of your magazine may be interested to learn more about the Leprosy Control Program, which was started on a national scale in India in 1954. There is still some uncertainty as to the number of persons in India afflicted with the disease, but it is known that 300 million people live in endemic areas. According to a pamphlet brought out by the Directorate General of Public Health Services in 1958, the whole belt of eastern states as well as Madhya and Himachal Pradesh was considered highly endemic and incidence per thousand was put at 14.1 in West Bengal. Now Madras and Andhra Pradesh are considered highly endemic (five or more cases per 1,000), while

Bihar, Maharashtra, Mysore, Orissa, West Bengal and Uttar Pradesh are considered moderately endemic (be-

tween one and five per 1,000). In the whole country only 5½ lakh cases receive treatment. Although there are indications of some progress, it would seem to be very slow; especially in view of the fact that the disease is of slow growth and that infection is transmitted only after long contact. We wonder if doctors in the United States might be able to speed up the entire program.

K. GUPTA,
Calcutta, India

Time Flies

● No recent news, except that our oldest daughter (Bobbi) was married 4 February 66 and the youngest (Kris) will be on 19 August 66. My kingdom for a long-lost allotment check to appear suddenly! Vicky and I had a wonderful evening one year ago today attending a commemorative dinner at Hamilton AFB for retiring Maj. Gen. Conrad Ne-crason. All present still called him "Colonel Nick," proving that promotions sometimes only mean a pay raise. Saw many 7th Group people and enjoyed the whole event. Keep up the good work.

WILLIAM F. WAGNER,
Sherman Oaks, Calif.



RAILWAY station in an eastern India town. Photo by Andrew Janko.



Commander's Message

by

Joseph P. Pohorsky, Sr.

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

This will be my last commander's message. My year as National Commander of the CBIVA has been most rewarding. I had the pleasure of traveling many, many miles and visiting many bashas throughout the country, and participating in their basha program. I'd like to thank you for giving me the honor of serving as National Commander.

My sincere thanks to Neil Maurer and Ex-CBI Roundup who contributed so much to the success of CBIVA. Thanks go to each of my national officers who helped to make my year in office a successful one. Thanks to Harold Kretchmar, reunion chairman, and the St. Louis Basha for planning a wonderful program for this year's family reunion. It has all the making of being the biggest and best reunion in CBIVA history. Since Ida was with me on all my trips, we both thank you for a year filled with many happy memories.

My year as commander showed much progress. The first new basha to receive a charter during my term was the Tey Kerna Feyer Basha in Traverse City, Michigan. The southern tier basha of Binghamton, New York, has applied for a charter. Robert Thomas of Philadelphia has applied for a charter in his home town of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Joe Nivert and a group from the Mahoning Valley Basha are working on forming a Basha in Akron, Ohio. Louis Scisco is organizing a basha in Huntsville, Alabama. "Pop" Steele is working on a basha in the Los Angeles area. He organized a basha

in El Paso. He moved to San Diego and revived that basha. I visited the San Diego basha and "Pop" Steele in February and I can personally say they are doing a mighty fine job.

Friday, May the 20th, we left Milwaukee early headed for the National Executive Board meeting in St. Louis. We took the rickshaw along, and have it ready for the big Puja Parade. As we neared St. Louis we could see the new Gateway Arch in the distance. It's a real spectacular. Not far from the arch is the Busch Sports Stadium which seats 55,000 people. Early arrivals will be able to attend one of the ball games.

Since there was no official business on Friday, most of the national officers and members of the St. Louis Basha gathered that night in the St. Louis hospitality room, enjoying refreshments which were served by the one and only bachelor of the St. Louis Basha, Harold Kretchmar. (How about that, Wanda?) Later in the evening we went to Gas Light Square. You must see it. It's fantastic!

Saturday morning business meeting started at ten o'clock. Most of the time was taken up by reports of the National Officers. Reading of the financial report and minutes of the previous executive board meeting. The budget committee under the leadership of Father Glavin was very successful this year with keeping the expenditures within the budget. Noon time finds us having lunch at Miss Helling's Restaurant. This is where we will have one meal during the reunion, after the Puja Parade. All the National Officers were delighted with the meal and are sure you will be too.

Afternoon session started promptly. Harold Kretchmar, Reunion Chairman, presented the national family reunion program to the executive board for their approval. For all those interested, registration will be less than it was last year. No potato salad, please! The board unanimously approved the reunion program.

Saturday evening cocktail party and dinner was at the Flaming Pit. I had the honor of presenting a C.B.I. cap and pin to Charles Stremsterfer, new honorary member of the St. Louis Basha. After dinner we all gathered at the St. Louis Basha hospitality room at the Sheraton Jefferson.

Sunday finds us homeward bound after a most eventful weekend. Last but not least, start making plans now. See you all in St. Louis at the biggest and best family reunion ever—August 3, 4, 5, & 6, at the Sheraton Jefferson Hotel.

JOSEPH P. POHORSKY SR.
National Commander

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—Ed.



WOMEN carrying tiles for repairing roofs at the Ramgarh enlisted men's barracks. Photo by Andrew Janko.

New Subscriber

● Have just received my first copy of Ex-CBI Roundup. I had heard about it from former Major Jack Hammer of Kearney, Nebr., who served in Burma. Other members of the CBI in Kearney are Willis Shields, Al Dobberstein, Al Foote and yours truly. I served in Misamari, Assam, from October 1943 until October 1945, with the medical department, ATC. We have recently visited with Bog Legg of Memphis, Tenn.; also Ken Vance of LeMars, Iowa. I have also contacted Roy Dirks, Great Bend, Kans., Dave Schreckengrost of Oil City, Pa., Roy Minor of Parsons, Kans., and J. Loy Packer of Harrisburg, Pa., whom everyone remembers as the snake catcher of the 1328th BU. Just a few

weeks ago we were overnight guests of Col. James A. Dearbeyne of Rockwell City, Iowa. He was the former executive officer of Misamari. Have also heard from Royal Dano of movie and TV fame. I would like to hear from anyone else who served from APO 489 with 1328 AAFBU, Misamari, in 1943-44-45.

JOHN J. MORRISEY,
602 E. 36th Street
Kearney, Nebr.

Life Disrupted

● You completely destroyed my home life yesterday afternoon and my writing schedule in the evening. When I got home in the p.m., there were the back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup. I opened them with these results: my wife complained that she couldn't get a word

out of me before supper; the little kids went to bed without getting the usual chapter from Kipling's "Jungle Book" read to them; I was still reading around midnight, despite the fact I had to get up around 4 this morning in order to open up the Milwaukee Journal's city desk. You've really got a superbly edited publication—text and photos. I really enjoyed the stories (of 1964 India trip) written by you and Mrs. Maurer, and was interested to have an updated account of so many familiar things. The stories on Seagrave, Warehouse Willie (what an operator!), the little Chinese orphan, the Bombay explosion—I just couldn't quit. What gets me is that I had never heard of Ex-CBI Roundup—I'm sorry I missed it all these years.

WALLY PORTERFIELD,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

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